

SOURCES OF LOVE AND HATE

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with his mother on the basis of these phantasies, as, for example, when he looks to see if he has a vulva behind his penis. This involves the phantasy of playing a passive feminine role with the father in the sexual situation (" Oh, I got run over by a roller at the station "). Dan's castration phantasies were strongly stimulated at this time, not only by the temporary absence of both parents, and the consequent sense of being altogether lost and deserted, but also by the conversation with Mrs. I., when the children learnt that she had neither father nor mother. Dan's reaction to the idea of *his* mother dying (" I've got fifteen mummies ") was a characteristically omnipotent mode of reassuring himself against anxieties of loss, whether loss of the mother's breast or of his own penis.

In an earlier incident (20.10.24) we can see the regression from a masculine attitude to a feminine one in process : " Just before bedtime, with his mother, father and Mrs. I. in the drawing room, Dan was tired and very querulous. He pushed a corkscrew which he was holding into his mother's leg, to see if it hurt. When his mother said she was going to put his bath on, he said petulantly, ' Oh Mummy, I want my supper *now*—I want it badly, here in the drawing room.' His mother said he could have it soon,- but in his bedroom. He stood beside her, caressing her breast through her blouse and feeling as if for the nipple. ' I want an egg for my supper.' Presently, sitting beside her upstairs, eating his supper (and still more querulous as a result of a slight accident and hurt fingers), he said, ' I want to be mummy' ; then asked her to hold his bread and butter and feed him—the first time he had asked for such a thing, since infancy. He insisted that

the milk must be warm, and said twice, 'It's not sweet
enough.'" On this occasion Dan (then 3;6) begins by
behaving in a masculine way, with a strong sadistic tinge,
to his mother, pushing into her leg a corkscrew which he
was holding, and asking her "Does that hurt ?
Does it hurt ? "
His father was in the room at the time, and Mrs.
I., watching,
saw the boy cast many inquiring glances
towards his father,
obviously anxious to see what his father was
feeling about
it. When, presently, his mother said she was
going to put
him to bed and get his bath ready, he dropped
at once into
the attitude of the querulous baby waiting to
be fed, and
caressed her breast like a tiny infant feeling
for the nipple,